

# Scanners (feat. Neako)

Wiz Khalifa

I'm smoking that reefer and sippin champagne  
Damn mayne, I remember those days I was covered in brain  
Now it seems I'm surrounded by bitches  
And covered in chains  
Switching lanes, heart beating fast and I'm? my brain  
Born in planes, telling my mama we'll never be poor again  
I told her I'd do this a year ago  
She told me "you're insane..."  
But I gotta be crazy for people to pay me off shit  
That I say, shit that I wrote  
Whole lot of smoke in my lungs makin me feel like a ghost  
To the sky I go, you the?  
I'm the villain with the flow  
No way can we fit him in a mold  
You're the one with the feeling in your soul  
In fact, I'm feeling real close  
To a whole other moon I go...  
Private planes on my jetway  
A hundred joints in my ashtray  
A couple grand to get just the hate  
My money coming up fast way  
30 grand is on champagne and that's because I'm thirsty  
Bubbles: that's what works for me  
Fuck, niggas take it personally  
I drink all day, I smoke purple weed  
Your money all game and I be?  
Somewhere in the South of France, overseas  
Kush is rolled, that good cologne  
Getting stoned, smoking with the owners  
If I'm in the club, I'm getting paid to show up  
That's gangsta. Real nigga, that's real gangsta  
Bitch you lookin at a real Taylor  
Paper in my pocket, none to spend  
Just to roll my pot with...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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